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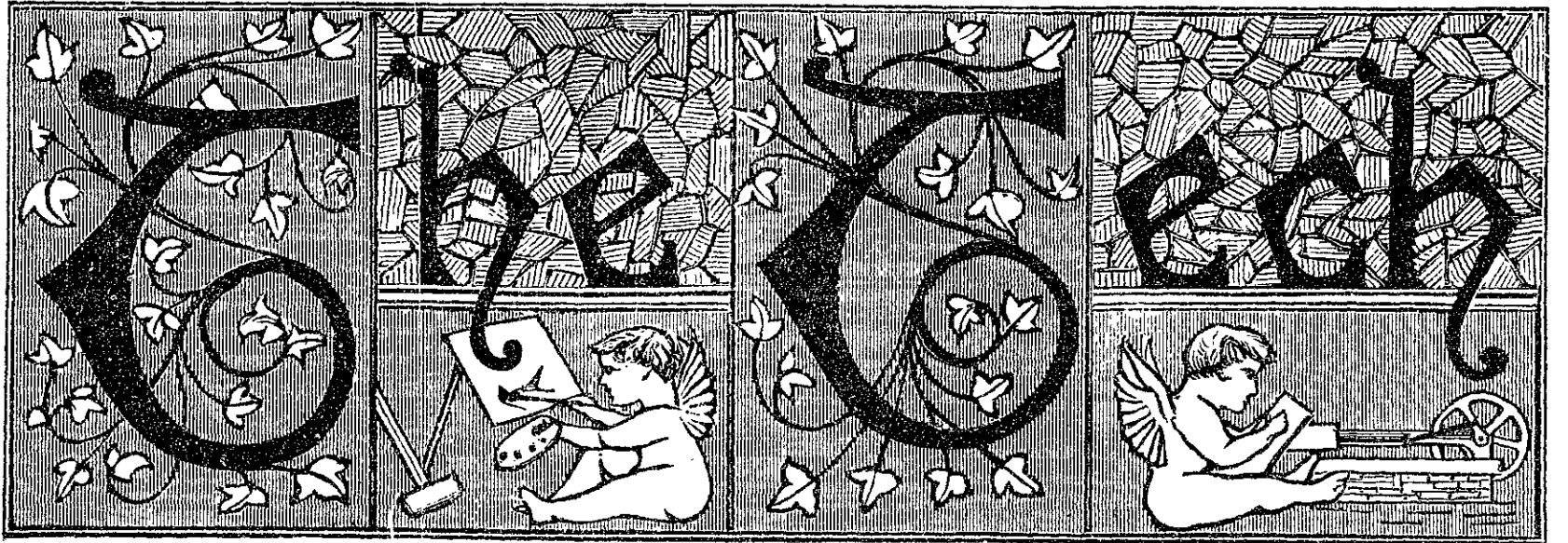
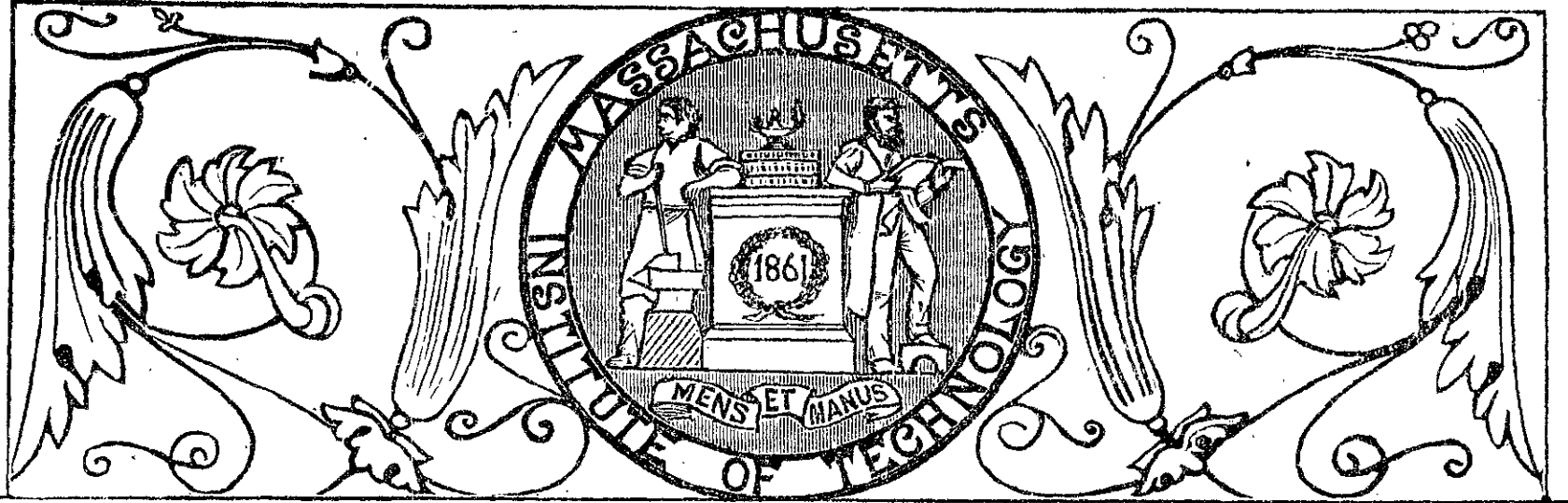
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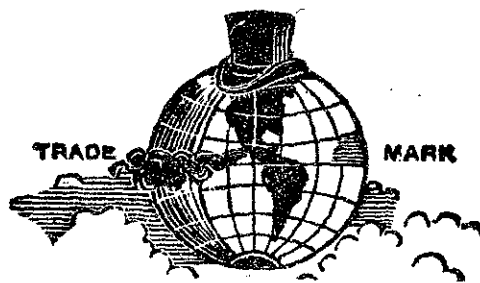
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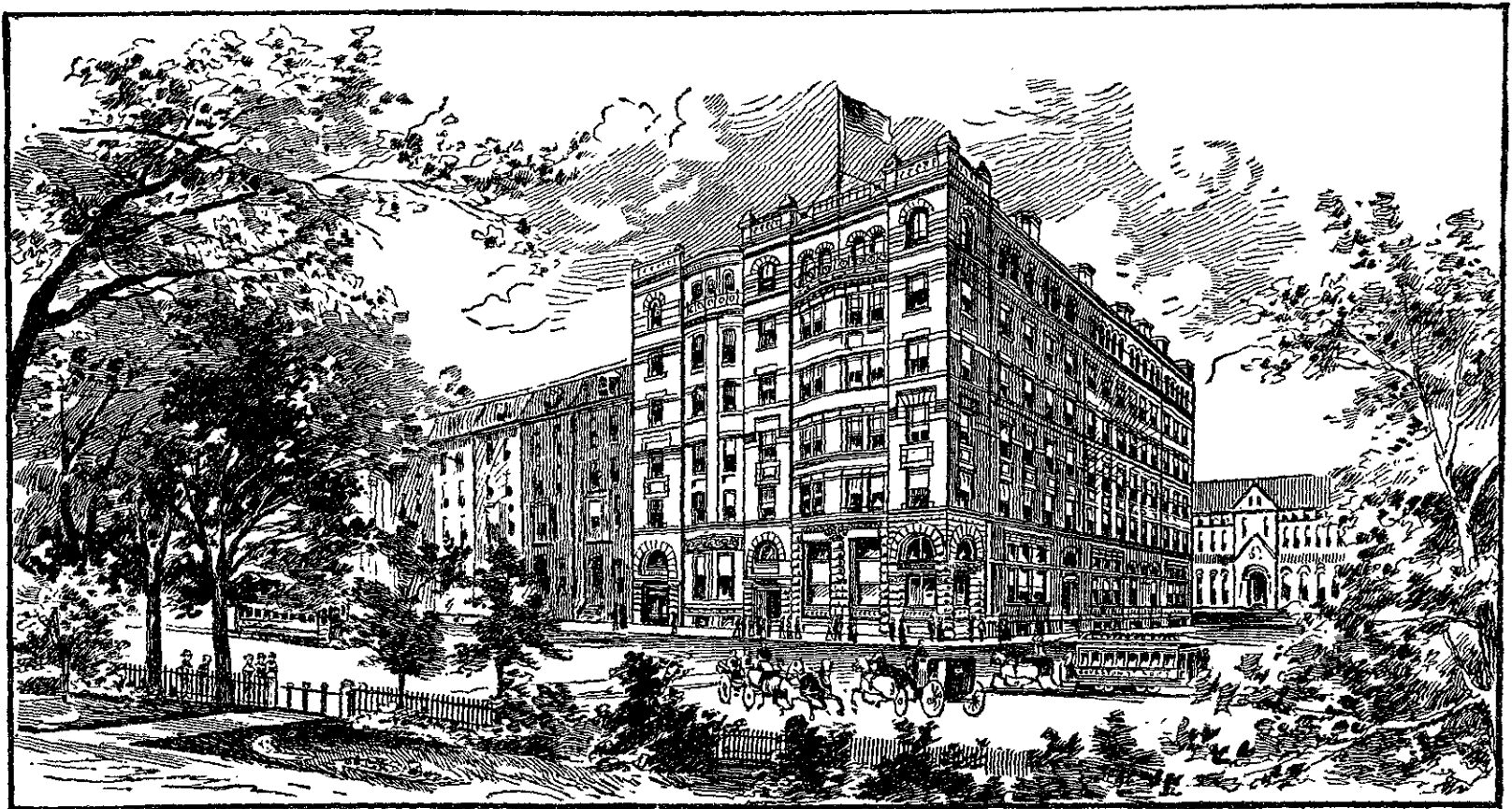
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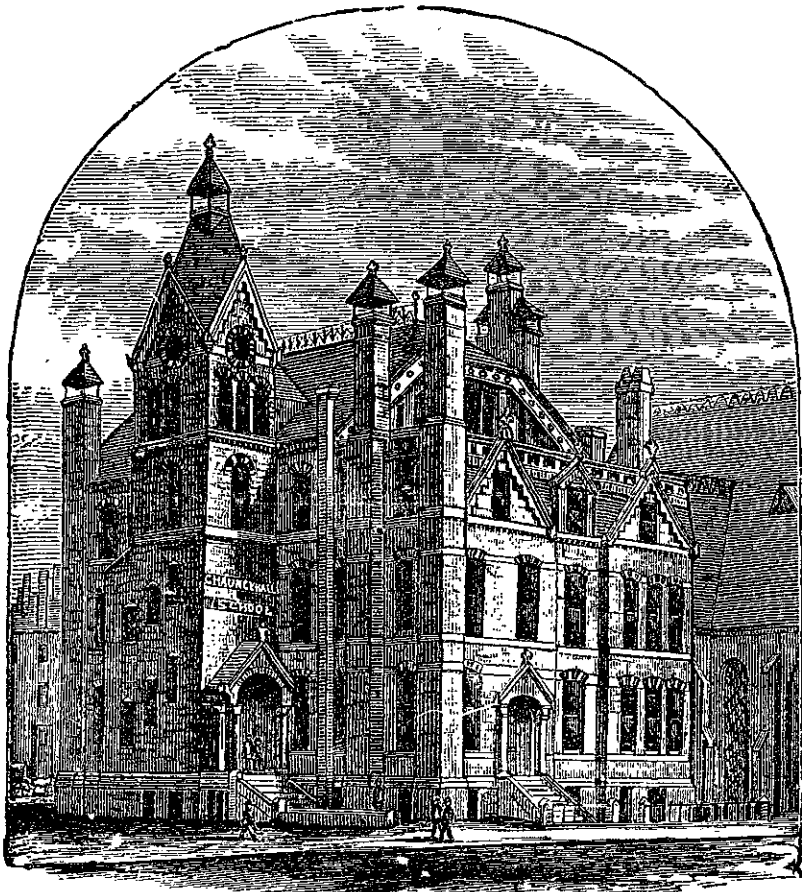
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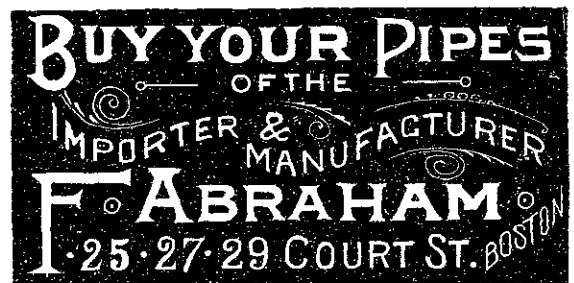
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The Tech.

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 22, 1888.

NO. 4.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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BEAUTIFULLY done, Ninety-two! You have won the Sophomore-Freshman game, and have furnished some good men for the Tech. team. Your record thus far is one of which to be proud. In the Winter Meeting of the Athletic Club the class tug-of-war contests will take place, and it is your duty to enter a strong and well-trained team. Commence at once, and prepare to win!

The standing of Technology will one day depend largely upon your doings, but do not imagine from this nor from your recent victory that you own the Institute. There are other men here who have a right to live. Beware of a "swelled head!"

Ninety-one, you have kept up your record of universal defeat! Only once since entering the Institute have you won a class victory;

you defeated the Harvard freshmen in tug-of-war, and you well deserved the praise you received. Your baseball team also did well, but you have been twice beaten in football, and were pulled in last year's tug-of-war. Now let us see if you cannot somewhat redeem yourself in the coming Athletic Meeting. Put in as strong a team as you entered in the open games, and come out ahead.

THE functions of THE TECH are manifold.

It attempts to fulfill satisfactorily the role of amusing, instructing, and advertising medium. To let one student know what his fellow-students are doing, or not doing; and what the Faculty think about it; in fact, to look out for the wants of every man in college, is the field of THE TECH. If a class or society adopt resolutions worthy of the attention of others; if a student has found, lost, or wishes to dispose of anything, — there is a column of this paper especially set apart for such matter. THE TECH bulletin-board, in Rogers corridor, is intended for the use of THE TECH itself; but when its entire surface, including the glass, is covered with all sorts of notices, it is of little or no use to us. There is a space beneath the glass especially reserved for such advertisements; but we draw the line at posting anything whatever upon this board, except upon the space below the glass.

WE cannot but commend the enterprise of those who have engaged Cotillion Hall, and offered to the Institute students a series of five dances. The gymnasium has given such poor satisfaction in past seasons, that it has been decided to discontinue the Gym Parties.

The action, therefore, of the managers of the proposed afternoon parties in Cotillion Hall is particularly apropos.

We would advise all those who are fond of dancing to take advantage of this occasion; and if the management looks carefully after the comfort of its guests, we feel sure that the parties will be both enjoyable and successful, and that the custom of thus offering a winter series of dances to the Institute students will be continued in years to come.

AFTER the Sophomore-Freshman rush, it will be seen how improbable it is that the custom of having a rush after the annual foot-ball game between the two youngest classes, will be done away with. It may seem, from the moral standpoint, a dangerous thing; but this could be called in question, since only once has a man been hurt, and our experience tells us that a rush is simply a general pushing match, where every one satisfies the desire of doing something which the game leaves behind, without serious injury to any one, and which sweeps away all feeling of disappointment and chagrin. It is, too, the very best thing to create a strong class feeling, and does a class a world of good in that way, helping to bind together its members, especially those of the entering class, coming together from all over the country.

In the great excitement after the game, sweeping away all former resolutions, the rush was bound to take place, and 91's pre-conceived attempt not to rush met with signal failure.. Morally, perhaps, the attempt was a good one, but the rush is so natural an outcome on the game, that it must come. No amount of class resolutions will do away with it, and so long as we have a Sophomore-Freshman football game, we will have a rush, which, as in the present case, must be confined to the ball field, and not be introduced into the corridors, or upon the steps of the buildings.

OUR students should be careful of their actions when off on a good time. On election night many Tech. men were at the bulletins, and enjoyed themselves without being at all disagreeable to the rest of the crowd; but from many of these men we have heard complaints of some fellows who formed themselves in a body, and walked the sidewalks shouting "Tech! Tech!" and otherwise behaving in a noisy and disagreeable manner. It is all very well to enjoy one's self, but a little care is necessary, for any disorderly conduct in public is sure to lessen, in some degree, the reputation of the Institute. We are perfectly willing that every one should have a good time, but the feelings of others should be considered, or, if it is absolutely necessary that the town should be painted red, let the artists keep quiet the fact that they are from the Tech.

IT may afford great amusement to the facetious undergraduate to remove the Faculty notices from the bulletin boards and place them in THE TECH box. It is, however, very annoying to the editor, and causes him to lose much time, which he can ill afford. Will not this funny man desist? If he cannot refrain from removing the above notices, he can, we feel sure, place them as acceptably in any other receptacle, say his pocket, as in THE TECH box, which is reserved exclusively for our correspondence.

THE Tech. wishes to express its condemnation of the act of those men who ordered their uniforms for the torch-light parade, but who, when the time came, failed to come forward and buy. Almost incredible as this may seem, it was done in many cases, for the committee was left with forty uniforms on its hands. Luckily, the profit on the steps almost cleared off the deficit, and by the help of a

few generous fellows, and of the one or two who came forward and paid for their uniforms, the committee was enabled to meet its obligations; but this does not lessen the meanness of the men of whom we have spoken.

WE note with pleasure the arrival at the Institute of the monthly publication entitled, "Congress: a Monthly Journal Devoted to the Arts of Civilization."

It is published by Messrs. Rowan W. Stevens and Harold O. Binney. *Congress* contains an article upon the Pension Office, several poems, and readable articles of prose, and an interesting editorial upon the United States Navy, and some Historical correspondence.

Mr. Binney's well-known form, though no more seen in the "Halls of Science," is still well remembered by his many friends here, who wish him every success in his new undertaking.

A GOOD deal of dissatisfaction has been felt and expressed in reference to the work done by the 'Varsity football team of late. And we therefore feel called upon to make a few criticisms with a view to explaining our defeats as well as to improvement in the future. In team work there is an inexcusable slowness—both in lining up and in putting the ball in play. The rushline is very light, and to win we have to depend entirely upon our agility. It is therefore foolhardy to attempt to break through a line heavier than our own. There should be more passing—long passing—and running around the ends; almost every attempt of this kind made this year has been successful. A mistake in giving or receiving a signal is very excusable, but mistakes of this sort have occurred frequently of late.

Then when one man is tackled his only idea seems to be to hang on to the ball; he never attempts to pass it to another.

And we wish to add that in practicing, the men of the rushline can employ their time to better advantage in almost any other line of football practice than in kicking goals. Let the team bear these remarks in mind in the games to come, and we feel sure that whether victorious or otherwise, satisfaction will prevail among the members of the college they represent.

Requiescat.

In September, when we parted,
Such loving glances darted
From her eyes so large, and brown, and tender, and so true,
And she swore (the fickle miss),
And then sealed it with a kiss,
To really, truly, write to me in a day or two.
As November's latest week
Will soon get up and sneak,
And the howling blasts of winter o'er the country reign,
My hopes are well nigh dead,
And my heart is turned to lead,
"For the letter that he longed for never came."

M.

Miss Way.

I.

A GIRL seriously occupied with arranging ferns, now and then holding off a bunch at arm's length and regarding it with a critical, sidewise glance. Her companion, reclining against a gnarled pine stump, his hands behind his head, watching her mostly in silence. She was perched upon a huge moss-covered tree-trunk, full four feet through, that had fallen right across the way, and had heaped her ferns beside her. For a background, as he looked up at her, there were the upper branches of the pines along the logging road; the road, cut years ago to an ambitious width, had grown up with young shoots of birch and maple, and thicker tangles of bush and brake, and all the narrow footway was overgrown with moist brilliant mosses, running vines of snowberry, and strange, bright-tinted fungi. In this depth of the old pine forest the August morning was

fresh as May, and the air so soothing that conversation slumbered at intervals.

"How good you were to come up the path with me this morning, Mr. Laurens. How did you know it would be so delightful here?"

"I took your word for it."

"Did I ask you to come? Why, so I did, to be sure."

After a pause: "An odd thing for a young lady to do, wasn't it, Mr. Laurens?"

"I don't know. It's certainly very pleasant here."

"I suppose young ladies in Boston never do such things."

"Oh, I suppose they do, sometimes," he said, with a gracious air of apology for her innovation.

She shook her head as one might to a child with an overfondness for fiction.

"I made up my mind this morning as soon as I looked out of my window, that I would come here and get some ferns. The Miss Pointers couldn't go, so of course I had to ask you, if I was to go at all. I hope you don't think I should have asked you if they could have gone?"

A vision of the Miss Pointers, with their well-preserved silk gowns and their respectable gray curls, in the act of crossing the river on rolling stones, made Laurens' eyes laugh.

"I don't flatter myself so much," he said.

"That's well."

"What was that book in which you were so absorbed this morning?" she said, after a little silence.

"On the piazza, when you were going to the tennis ground?"

"Yes. How did you know I was on the tennis ground?"

"I saw you there practicing most diligently, and I thought of old Mr. Benbury with a sigh."

"Why didn't you come down and show me that overhand serve you promised?"

"I didn't suppose you cared for it then."

"Cared for it! Of course I didn't. But you haven't told me what the book was."

"It was a text-book on trigonometry. I promised a young cousin of mine who is a little behindhand at the Tech., that I would coach him a bit for an examination."

"That's some kind of mathematics, isn't it? I'm very fond of mathematics. I took an advanced course in arithmetic at our high school. Ask me some question, and see how quickly I can answer it."

"Very well. If it takes five minutes to pull apart three bunches of ferns and put together one, how long will it take to arrange a basketful?"

"What an impolite question! If you are tired of waiting, we'll go home."

"I did not say I was tired," he said with an air of surprise. "I'll stay here all day, if you wish it."

"You only say that because you know I don't wish it."

She had tied up her various bundles of ferns, and slipping off the high mossy log stood ready for the homeward walk, when suddenly fixing her eyes on the stump against which Laurens was leaning, she cried, "O Mr. Laurens! do get up, quickly!"

Laurens jumped to his feet with an unpleasant suspicion of snakes. The young lady dropped her ferns on the ground and said, despairingly,—

"You've been sitting directly on some coral lichens. I've been looking for them all this summer!"

"Oh! is that all?" said Laurens, with an air of relief.

"As if that wasn't enough," said she sadly, gathering up her fallen ferns. "I declare, Mr. Laurens, there's no bearing with you to-day; you've no sympathy nor consideration."

She led the way home with determined steps, answering Laurens' attempts at conversation with very brief and careless rejoinders.

II.

That afternoon, Laurens, in taking down his fishing coat, dropped a letter from the

pocket, which reminded him that he had not written to his old friend, Ned Thornbury, since he had left him on the steps of the club in Boston. Two days later a letter was brought to Thornbury in the smoking-room at the club, post-marked in clear-cut letters that told of scanty mails, "South Nugent, Maine."

MY DEAR NED:—

I told you when I saw you last, that I meant to get out of the realm of "culture." I have made a bold dash for freedom from everything which, as Wingate used to say, makes Boston what it is, and I have partially succeeded.

I discovered this place by an ingenious method. I got off the train at the first station in the mountain country that struck my eye, and looked about for a good horse. Among the motley throng of quadrupeds about the station I saw two horses, and, better, both in the same team. The driver, — a rosy-faced man of fifty or so, with his beard in a sort of halo, is if he had flattened his face against a board and then suddenly cleared the middle space with a spoke-shave, — proved on inquiry to be none other than Homer himself, — not the blind, for John is certainly not blind to his chances; and after carefully looking me over, he "cal'lated" that he could let me have a room.

"Is your place secluded, Mr. Homer" inquired I?

"It's at the end o' the road, if that'll do ye," was his assuring reply.

And it is, in more senses than one.

For a fortnight I had the high privilege of being the only boarder at Homer's Elysian abode. Talk about country fare! How that tailor of mine will chuckle when he re-measures my waist this fall!

Then people began to come, — about the usual assortment. First, old Mr. Benbury and his wife, a pair of polite invalids, who spend most of their time in affectionately rehearsing their various ailments to each other. The patience with which one of those excellent valetudinarians will listen to the other's account of a visitation of Providence of the most unsavory description, is only explained by the fervor with which the tale is matched by one equally unsavory and strange. It's as good as a play, if only they wouldn't strike up at table. "Do you remember, dear, the dreadful condition of my stomach after eating rye cakes like these, when Dr. Sharp said, —" and so on, and so on.

Then there are some people from an inland town in Massachusetts who have set up a little aristocracy of their own, and play intellectual games of an evening. One of the ladies has long lists of conundrums and questions for solution in various games, and takes notes of every pun that's made, requesting the author of it to repeat it slowly for that purpose. They begin this odious custom at eight o'clock, at which period I retire to my room with an hour of candle.

There is also a Tech. student of chemistry; not of the athletic type, who devotes himself chiefly to reading up conditions and taking long walks.

I keep by myself mostly. The fishing is fair, the shooting moderately good, and the tennis ground capital.

I mustn't forget to mention our young person, Miss Way — Miss Wayward, it should have been. Imagine a country belle of eighteen, dark, *petite*, restless as a kitten, independent and authoritative in her manner as if she were queen of the realm, ignoring etiquette whenever she pleases, and that is often, and you get a faint idea of Miss Frances Way. You should see her — but no, I don't think you would approve of her. She amuses me immensely. You ought to see her sit down by poor Sniggins, the Tech. man, and pretend to help him study. Then she comes to me, and asks in an irresistible, girlish way if I don't think it would be a good day for gathering ferns? She is such a perfect contrast to the "Boston gurl" that I find her very refreshing. How I should like to see Mrs. Wingate open her eyes at her!

This is a long letter, but I haven't got half through with the beauties of Homer's.

There is Miss Way starting out in a leisurely manner alone for a walk before supper, with a book under her arm. I suppose her ardent admirer, old Benbury, will follow her. Good-bye.

Yours,

LAURENS.

For some time after reading this epistle Mr. Thornbury sat whistling softly, frowning often to himself, and twisting his yellow mustache. Then he read it again, with running comments.

"She amuses him. Oh yes! No doubt. 'Very refreshing.' Just going out to walk. 'Her ardent admirer, old Benbury, will follow her.' I'll bet any odds her ardent admirer young Laurens followed her. How sharply he ends up the letter, though he wasn't half through with the beauties of Homer's. I always thought Arthur would make a fool of himself in some such way. What an awful thing it would be if he should bring home a pert country girl to the old house. Something must be done about it, if I have to do it myself."

A shade of decision passed over his face. He rang for a servant to bring him the railway guide, after consulting which he walked briskly away to his rooms.

III.

On the evening of the following day Miss Way's quick eye detected the presence of a stranger in Mr. Homer's wagon as it returned

from the village with the mail. As the wagon approached, Laurens looked, at first carelessly, then intently, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it, Mr. Laurens?" asked Miss Way, with vivid curiosity.

"Oh, nobody but my old friend Ned Thornbury."

"You don't seem very much delighted to see an old friend."

"What do you mean?"

"O, I thought your manner didn't express great joy. Perhaps I was mistaken. For my part, I'm awfully glad to see another gentleman. Anything for variety," she added flippantly, with a side glance upward from under her dark lashes.

The meeting was sufficiently cordial, and Laurens, after sitting with his friend at his late supper, brought him out to the porch for a cigar. The club news and various items of society talk formed the basis of their conversation, and after agreeing to try their luck at the fishing the next day, they parted for the night.

It was not till after their return from this expedition that an opportunity arose of presenting Thornbury to Miss Way. That young lady seemed to have assumed a new part, and appeared a very model of maiden shyness and reserve. She listened to Thornbury's conversation with silent but charming attention, and joined in the amusements of the evening with a quiet gracefulness with which even that fastidious young gentleman could find no fault. When the gentlemen were alone, Thornbury took occasion to say that he thought Miss Way's forwardness had been painted in much too vivid colors. Laurens did not make much reply, and the matter dropped.

For the first few days of Thornbury's visit there was certainly little cause for active interference in his friend's behalf. Miss Way seemed to devote herself rather to the student than to either of the Bostonians, apparently rather to Sniggins' surprise. She played tennis with him, made him the bearer of bundles

of ferns and birch bark, and employed his time with making handles for baskets of moss, and cutting strips of all sorts of things for her rustic work, of which she always had her hands full.

One evening, coming out late from supper, Laurens found his friend sitting on the steps of the porch talking politics with Miss Way, who sat on the steps below at a little distance, and turned her face up toward him with the air of one who is quaffing deep and refreshing draughts of knowledge. She was certainly a capital listener, only asking a question now and then, though her questions were sometimes of a radical nature, such as children ask, and required much theorizing in their answers.

The conversation lasted till Laurens called them in to join in a game of whist, during which Thornbury adorned himself with his most polished drawing-room manner, which seemed to meet Miss Way's approval to a high degree. Laurens did not play so well as usual, and the rubber went against him and his partner, to the jubilation of Miss Way, who took Thornbury's arm and walked about the passages, listening to his discussion of the theory of whist—a game which she had informed Laurens a few days before she quite despised.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Laurens that night.

"Oh, she's really charming! But quite different from the forward country belle that I imagined."

"There isn't quite so much need of protecting me from her wiles as you thought when you planned my rescue, I suppose."

"Don't be absurd, Arthur. But if you choose to look at it in that way I don't know that the danger is any less."

"I think *you* have assumed the post of honor at present."

"I? Oh, no. She listens to my talk, but she has the corners of those eyes of hers on you most of the time."

"Your imagination is much too generous."

"Not a bit. But seriously, Arthur, do you think she would look well in your house."

"Who the deuce said anything about my house? But I don't know why she wouldn't."

"How would she get on with Mrs. Wingate?"

"Well enough. All your society manners and city style are a mere lacquer. It would be as good a polish for her as for any of them. She could imitate Mrs. Wingate's stately flow of conversation to a nicety in a week."

"I thought you always held that one must be born to good society."

"I used to think so, but I've changed my mind. I'd as lief hear small talk about the last meeting of the Farmers' Club or the Charitable Society, as about a lecture on Esoteric Buddhism, or the last Symphony concert. Manners have to be learned, I suppose. It's very much like learning to dance. Most people are slow, but I've heard of one's learning to waltz in a single lesson."

"I'd no idea you were so desperately in earnest, Arthur."

"In earnest! I'm only saying what has always been true, I suppose. As to Miss Way, it's evident that she wasn't intended for me. She is very young."

"Time will remedy that defect," said Thornbury. "Her breeding is against her, though she can be very charming when she wishes."

"I don't see but that she is well bred enough," said Laurens, with some spirit.

"O, I mean her connections and surroundings. Where did you tell me she came from?"

"South Chanton, I believe she said. I don't know where it is. I tried to get her to talk about her family, but she fought shy of the subject."

"So you don't care to play King Cophetua?"

"O stop your chaff, Thornbury. I'm not such an incurable snob as not to see that Miss Way is good enough for me. The trouble is, she evidently thinks the disability lies the other way. Very likely it does."

"It strikes me that you are getting decidedly serious."

"Not so serious as you imagine. *You* seem to be the one who has a deep interest in the young lady's affairs. You'd better go in and win her."

"So I have your full permission?" said Thornbury, smiling indifferently.

"Unconditional," said Laurens.

(*To be Continued.*)

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

TO THE EDITOR OF TECH:—

I was much interested in the letter of your correspondent, L., '87, in No. 3 of THE TECH, and while I say that I agree with him most emphatically as to the desirability of having such an annual publication for the benefit of the alumni, I cannot agree with him as to the propriety or feasibility of making one number of THE TECH serve this end. In the first place many of the things mentioned are actually published in "Technique" as your correspondent ought to know, and it would be excellent if "Technique" would consider his suggestions in regard to those things which it does not publish. Such a number of THE TECH as proposed could not fail to injure "Technique's" sale among the alumni, and it should be far from the policy of Institute publications to antagonize each other. From long experience as an editor of THE TECH I know how little reliance there is to be placed on receiving enough literary contributions from the alumni to fill up a number, and this is due not so much to the unwillingness of the alumni to favor THE TECH with contributions, as to the utter inability of the editor to find the time necessary to maintain the extensive correspondence with his alumni friends, which is requisite to produce from them the desired article. Besides the objections of interfering with "Technique" and the difficulty of getting contributions from the alumni, there is the further objection that it would be difficult to find the time. This your correspondent passes over hastily, as it takes none of his time, and he wishes to persuade you that it would not take much of yours. If your correspond-

ent had ever had the whole responsibility of THE TECH on his shoulders he would better appreciate the magnitude of the task he proposes; and if he had much experience with statistics he would know that of all literary work, if statistics can properly be called literary work, their compilation is the most laborious, whilst they give the least return in the way of filling up space. I would say therefore, let "Technique" take up your correspondent's suggestions if possible, as its editors have more time for the work, though I would urge on THE TECH the propriety of publishing more alumni notes.

W., '88.

EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

To have a string of students tramping into a lecture some minutes after it has been begun, is exceedingly annoying, both to the lecturer and his listeners. Fourteen men recently came in late to a Heat lecture, five of whom the writer saw smoking leisurely in front of the building as he came up the steps. It may not be a very pleasant thing to hiss a student whose tardy entrance needlessly disturbs a lecture, but such an heroic remedy is not only well earned, but would doubtless prove effective.

If a student is belated, he can at least stay away; and if he does attend, the least he can do in decency is to maintain a reasonable degree of quiet. The student who does not himself care to listen, has still no right to distract the attention of others. The writer fully expects to repeat next year his course in Heat, together with a knot of students directly behind him, to whose never-flagging conversation on all manner of subjects he ascribes largely his ignorance of the subject. And he believes that the sentiment of the Institute once aroused, would render such a thing impossible in the future.

'90.

BOSTON, Nov. 10, '88.

EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

How many readers of this paper noticed an editorial in a recent number regarding the gymnasium question, and the use of Winslow's Skating Rink for that purpose? Perhaps it was because, during the three years of boarding-school life, I had the training of a gymnasium, second only to that of Harvard College, that the article should have unusual weight

with me. Be that as it may, I hope that this letter will call the attention of more to this matter; one of interest to every fellow who is loyal enough to wish that his *Alma Mater* may lead in all intercollegiate athletics.

I was enough interested to seek a personal interview with Mr. Winslow, and from him I obtained some valuable facts. Mr. Winslow had not been informed of the purchase of the land by the Institute which you mentioned in your article, but said that the lease which he held would soon expire. He told me that some years ago he made an offer of the rink to our President, for the Institute, for \$30,000, and was willing that the debt, once assumed by the Institute, be liquidated at the rate of \$5,000 per annum. Unfortunately General Walker considered it impracticable.

I am not an economist, nor do I think it would be right to assume an unreasonable debt to be groaned under and borne by those who follow in our footsteps; but I certainly believe that we can invent some acceptable scheme by which we may become possessors of that excellent building, which is in every respect just what we want. It seems practicable to make the building almost pay for itself, for Mr. Winslow, speaking from his own experiences, assured me that it would earn from \$3,000, to \$4,000, in annual rentals.

Then there is such an abundance of room that our societies, secret and otherwise, could have rooms of their own; each class could have its nicely furnished reading-room, *study*, or smoking-room, as you may please to call it; Sophomores free from Freshman intrusion.

I hope you will use your columns to advantage, stir up those who seem disinterested, and finally when we are able to practice, drill, and entertain in our own building, we may look back and say "the glory is with you."

F. C. B., '91.

A Winter Evening Tale.

IN the town of Kerny lived a doctor, famous not only for his charity and kindness to the poor, but also for a remarkable adventure, which had happened to him several years ago. Doctor H—— was in the habit of starting upon his round of visits about the middle of the afternoon, and was sure to return at

dark, at which time his arrival was eagerly awaited by his children.

Thus on the afternoon on which this story commences the doctor left his home, after having promised his wife to be back before seven, although he had to go quite a distance to see a very sick patient. Seven o'clock came but no doctor appeared. The children every now and then ran to the window when they heard an approaching footstep. It got to be eight, and Mrs. H——, growing uneasy, sent a messenger to the home of the patient whom the doctor was to have visited. The messenger returned, but only to state that the doctor after having visited the sick one had quickly left, saying he had promised his wife to be home early. The poor wife was now thoroughly alarmed, and search was made for the missing one, but no trace was to be found. Thus the night passed in agony and suspense, and the household impatiently awaited the breaking of the new day. When dawn appeared the search was again renewed. Jerry, the faithful servant of the doctor, appeared with a letter addressed to Mrs. H—— and a blood-stained handkerchief, saying he had found both lying before the door. The letter, written in a bold hand, ran as follows: "Discontinue all further search, for to you the doctor is dead." These words together with the bloody handkerchief settled all doubt in the widow's heart, and she now fully believed that in some manner her husband had been killed, and his assassin took these means to acquaint her of the fact. The poor fatherless children were now to be daily seen clad in mourning, but in their hearts dwelt a feeling that their father was still alive.

Let us not lose sight of the hero entirely, but follow him as he left his home. As the messenger had stated, he had visited his sick patient and set out on the home journey, joyfully thinking of the home that was awaiting him. Going along he approached a lonely place, made thus by an entire absence of habitation; far and wide no house was to be seen, whilst here and there huge rocks were

scattered on both sides of the road. After he had traveled along this isolated spot for a short distance he felt himself seized from the rear by two pair of strong hands, whilst another pair was engaged in placing a bandage securely around his eyes. He then felt himself being helped on horseback, and having been cautioned not to venture to remove his bandage, he and his captors set out, whither he did not know, for the cloth had been so securely fastened around his eyes as to cut off all further view. After a seemingly endless journey he was again assisted, this time in dismounting, and still having his eyes covered he was led along by his captors. Finally the doctor could perceive by the re-echoing of their footsteps that they had entered into some cavernous chambers. The bandage was now removed, and after he had accustomed himself to the darkness of the corridor, lighted up only by a few blazing pine sticks carried by his companions, the doctor saw that they had really entered a cavern. After traversing several passages they suddenly entered into a large hall, in the midst of which was a huge fire, around which several men were seated. They noticed his approach with silence, and one of their number arising, led him to one side. This man, judging from his manner of action and dress, evidently bore some authority among their number.

"Doctor H——," said he, "the place where you now are, and who its inhabitants are, shall forever remain a secret to you. Give up all thoughts of escape, for your better judgment must tell you that it would be in vain. The reason for your presence is as follows: Our chief, a young man, was wounded the other day,—how, is no affair of yours; try all in your power to save him."

The doctor now asked to be led to his patient, and being conducted to another chamber he beheld, stretched upon a bed, a pale young man with a gun-shot wound in his breast. Near the bedside stood a young woman, who upon the doctor's entrance ap-

proached him, and said with tears in her eyes, "Doctor, pray save him; he is our pride; do not let him die so young." The doctor, disregarding her entreaties, immediately went to work to examine the wound, and found that it was but slight, although it had grown worse by long neglect. He dressed it carefully, and assured his anxious listeners that with sufficient care all would be well. They left the chamber, leaving behind the woman, who was the wife of the sick one, to act as nurse. Entering again the large hall he was told to be seated at the fire, and he was immediately served with a wooden plate, by a trim-looking maid, whilst his neighbor helped him to a piece of the venison that was roasting before them. Anxious inquiries were immediately made regarding the wounded person, which luckily he could answer favorably. Having finished the repast the doctor arose, saying he must leave, as he was anxiously awaited at home. But he was now told that he was not to leave the place until the young chieftain should again be able to breathe the air from the top of one of the numerous hillocks. The doctor was now seriously alarmed, knowing the anxiety of his wife and the impossibility of escape. He asked to write, and this being granted he wrote a few lines explaining his absence, and gave them to the person who had met him when he entered. The letter was never sent, but another which so alarmed his wife, together with a handkerchief, which had been used in washing out the patient's wounds. Thus day after day passed, the patient slowly improving, until finally the day arrived when for the first time the patient could go into the open air. The doctor was allowed to accompany him. When they gained the open air, after having traversed numerous passages, the doctor beheld a hilly country which he had never seen before. Nowhere was there a house, but everywhere forest. His patient with tears in his eyes thanked him for his recovery, and said that never again had he expected to see his much-beloved hills.

Upon their return the doctor begged to be allowed to leave, which, after an invitation to stay with them longer was finally granted. The chieftain's wife, drawing him aside, drew forth a long purse, offering it to him, at the same time saying it was but poor pay she could give him. The doctor declined it, saying he had enjoyed his peculiar visit, and begged he might be permitted to take a few of the eagle feathers hanging on the walls, as a gift to his children. After a cordial leave-taking, and after receiving the thanks of all for having saved their chief, his eyes were again blindfolded, and after having mounted, they again set out on their path. They finally halted; the doctor was told to dismount and to stand still until the noise of hoofs had entirely died away. This he did, and after a profound silence told him that his companions had left he ventured to draw aside his bandage, and found that he was on the identical spot where he had been so suddenly seized. At first it seemed to him he had been dreaming; but it could not be so, for there, indeed, rested the feathers in his hand. He now hastened homeward, and when he arrived in front of his home it was already dark.

In the meantime his widow, for such she considered herself, had been wasting away day by day, and it was with grief that her friends saw her approaching death. They tried to cheer, but it was in vain. Her children never ceased to hope for their father's return, and every now and then cried out, "Here he comes," as a footstep seemingly familiar approached. It was never he, and the children ceased uttering these remarks, for they saw they pained their mother. Upon this night the eldest child sat at the window thinking that his father must return, when suddenly he heard a step approaching. Could it be he? It must be; and with his old cry he rushed to the door to find himself clasped in his father's arms. Joy does not kill; and although the unexpected meeting showed its effect upon the poor wife's body, the new pleasure lent strength

and all went well. The story of his capture had to be told again and again to his friends, and the children found great delight in the huge eagle feathers brought from that mysterious cave. Although search was repeatedly made for the hidden retreat it was never found, and it was supposed by all to be the abode of smugglers.

Noticeable Articles.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* for October, that intelligent English Government School Inspector, Mr. J. G. Fitch, who has been traveling in this country, gives an account of a very peculiar American educational institution; an account which contains much, we fancy, that will be new to the majority of American readers. Very few of the many who have heard of Chautauqua are aware to what a size the organization called the Chautauqua Assembly, or Summer School, has grown. "In a green and sheltered valley," says Mr. Fitch, "about nine miles to the south of Lake Erie, and at an elevation of nearly eight hundred feet above its surface, lies the little lake of Chautauqua, a sheet of water larger than Windermere, but in the eyes of an American a mere pond in comparison with its mighty neighbor." On the shores of this lake, in a plot of ground of one hundred and fifty acres, he found last summer a community of eight to ten thousand people; and he tells us he was at a loss to know whether it was a camp-meeting, a literary institute, or a picnic, till he found it was all three in one. He goes on to describe the vast covered amphitheatre holding six thousand people, the "rough but excellent wooden model of the Parthenon, called the Hall of Philosophy," the "large relief-model in earth of the Holy Land," the "detached rooms set apart for particular studies, each supplied with its own apparatus and with the books of highest authority in its own department; *e. g.*, for Latin and Greek; for French and German; history and political economy; its schools for China painting, wood-carving, and decorative design; its printing-press, kindergarten, gymnasium, and other departments, too numerous to mention." All this he describes in a very sympathetic way, and the pleasant crowd he met in attendance on the exercises. And all this has grown up since 1871, out of a Methodist camp-meeting. But what chiefly excites his interest is the "Literary and

Scientific Reading-Circle," which has grown up in connection with it. We have no space here for details, but we learn that above one hundred thousand persons, nearly all of them adults, and scattered over the whole face of our vast country, are now members of this "circle." "They include workmen, farmers, servants, pioneers in the far West, apprentices, clerks, teachers, and mothers of families." A new department has recently been added, called the College of Liberal Arts, for the pursuit of higher studies, and the services enlisted of professors from Yale and Johns Hopkins University for the conduct of instruction by correspondence. "Between seven and eight hundred secluded students who fulfill its conditions are carrying on regular and somewhat severe courses of reading under its guidance throughout the year." The whole system is carried on with a careful avoidance of all interference with the operations of regularly established colleges, and no college students are admitted.

It is safe to say that in no country but America could such an institution have grown up, as it were, out of the ground; and whatever may be said of the necessary superficiality of much of its instruction, it must be an instrument of an untold amount of good in a young country like ours; indeed, such spontaneous growths never spring up except to fill a real want. Mr. Fitch quotes some eloquent words of Dr. Phillips Brooks in an address delivered at Chautauqua which has been printed, and points out how hints may be taken from it for the improvement of the "University Extension" system by which Oxford and Cambridge are endeavoring to enlarge the sphere of their influence at home.

The *Forum*, for November, contains some excellent sense on the subject of Browning, by that capital writer, Andrew Lang, in a paper entitled "Esoteric Browningism." "The poetry of Browning," he says, "has had singular fortunes. Rejected at first by the world, his poems became the possession of a few friends of romance; then a wider public was induced to read them; finally they fell into the hands of people, who have over-built the fairy plot of ground with 'societies,' and who squabble about texts and meanings like scholiasts or Biblical commentators. The last estate of the poems has been worse than the first. They have been annexed, as it were, by enthusiasts, who clearly value them chiefly as problems or puzzles to which they alone profess to hold the key." But poetry, he says, lacks merit just in proportion to

its need of commentators. "The professional devotees of Mr. Browning, an irritating band, who praise his poetry chiefly because they believe that they alone understand it (a belief which gives them a happy sense of being wondrous wise) praise him as one who speaks chiefly to the intellect. They hunt through him for puzzles and problems; they canvass him for 'thoughts.' It does not seem to occur to them that he like other poets is a master of romance; that he appeals with perfect clearness and distinctness to the heart, the fancy, and even to the ear. If he did not do this and do it successfully, winningly, with phrases and fancies that haunt the memory, that mingle with our musings on love and death and day and night, Mr. Browning would be a failure." But he does not claim that Mr. Browning does this in all his poetry, and he gives the sound advice to the beginner that he decline the invitation of the Browning societies "to be led over dry plains seeking sense and finding none where 'Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau' holds unenvied sway, or to be bewildered in 'Red-Cotton-Night-Cap-Country,' or to be made to jig dolefully to the fife of 'Fifine at the Fair;' but neglecting all scarecrow scholiasts and disheveled essayists, male and female," he advises him to apply himself to "Dramatic Lyrics" and "Men and Women," and see if he cannot find poetry in them for himself,—and this doctrine he illustrates at some length. "Time," he says, "that sifts poets like wheat, will almost certainly treat much that Mr. Browning has written as time has treated the dark pieces of George Chapman, or the 'Cassandra,' of Lycophron. They will survive indeed, but rather because a poet wrote them than because they are poetry." Is not this just about the truth respecting Browning?

W. P. A.

Technics.

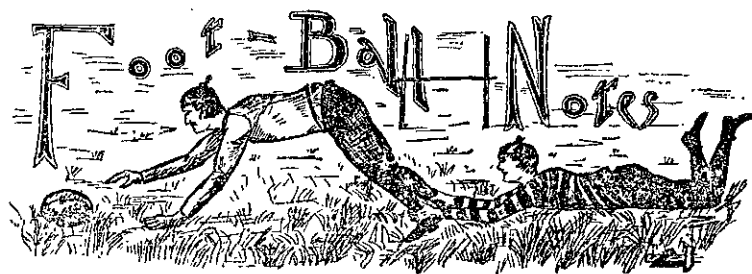
Professor Dippold: "Mr. W., what form do you call *s'assembla*?"

Mr. W., '92: "Double reflexive."

Professor D.: "I never heard of that form."

Mr. W.: "Very likely. It is something new."

"And shure, Moike," said Pat, as they sailed under the Palisade hills, which rose gently up from the river, "did yez iver know that thim mountains wuz put up for a bluff?"



Tech. vs. Dartmouth.

THE championship game, which was played at Hanover on the 10th, between Dartmouth and Tech., was unsatisfactory. Not that Tech. did not play well, but that all was against her. Practically no one accompanied the team to assist in the cheering. The rain, during the game and for the two previous days, had rendered the ground so slippery that good running and dodging was next to impossible. It was a question of the weight of the rush-lines, and Dartmouth had here an advantage of a good many hundred pounds. The Dartmouth backs worked up close to the lines, and added their weight to those before them in the general push, which resulted usually in a slide of from two to six yards. The short rushes of Dartmouth and the difficulty in working our backs, lost to us the game. The following is a summary: Dartmouth started off with the ball at 2.30 P. M., and kicked on three downs. Duane kicked, and Dame got on to it; good rushes by Hamilton and Tracy carried the ball well down the field, where it was given to Dartmouth for not touching the third man. Tech. soon regained it in a fumble, and then lost it on four downs. Lakeman attempted to run with the ball, which again gave it to Tech. Godchaux here made a pretty rush, gaining nearly thirty yards. Duane and Tracy also did some excellent work, Duane kicking to Ellis on three downs. Dartmouth, on three downs kicked to Durfee, who ran with the ball nearly to the place from which it was kicked. Baehr soon got it, however, on a fumble, and good rushes by Scruton, Ellis, and Lakeman brought it to the Tech. 10-yard line, where Dartmouth lost it on four downs. Short rushes by Duane, Godchaux, and Tracy gained some

ground, when Dartmouth regained the ball on interference. Ellis kicked to Pierce on three downs, and a fumble by Godchaux gave the ball again to Dartmouth. Duane kicked from back of the goal line to Ellis, and Fassett rushed it over at 3.13, making the first touchdown, from which a goal was kicked. Time was called soon after with the ball in the centre of the field.

The second half was played in the rain, and the darkness was rapidly increasing. Tech. had to work up hill this time, and started off well till Duane was hurt in a long rush at Dartmouth's 25-yard line. Dartmouth then took the ball, and by short rushes soon forced it over the Tech. goal line and kicked a goal. Tech. soon lost the ball on the line up, and Dartmouth forced another touchdown. No goal. This was repeated thrice more before time was called, a goal being kicked from the last touch-down. The final score was Dartmouth 30, Tech. 0.

The best playing for Tech. was done by Duane, Tracy, Godchaux, Dame, and Durfee. For Dartmouth, by Ellis, Lakeman, and Scruton.

The teams were made up as follows: Dartmouth—rushers, Odlin, Baehr, Doring, Fassett, Little, Carety, Eaton; quarter-back, Lakeman; half-backs, Scruton, Jones; full-back, Ellis.

Tech.—rushers, Dame, Hamilton, Highlands, Weiss, Rice, Tracy, Willard; quarter-back, Godchaux; half-backs, Duane, Pierce; full-back, Durfee.

Referee, Mr. Kelley, of the Harvard Medical School.

Ninety-one vs. Ninety-two.

THE Sophomore-Freshman game took place on Tuesday, the 13th, and with the exception of several delays, was close and exciting from start to finish. The game opened with good rushes by Germer and Cunningham, who carried the ball to the Freshmen's 25-yard line. Here, on the third down, Germer made a punt, which Wardner stopped near the goal line,

and before he could return it he was forced over the line, making a safety. After fifteen minutes scrimmaging, in which '92 gained a little ground, time was called, with the ball in the Sophomores' territory. Score, 2-0. The second half started out with a 20-yard gain by '91, but the ball was lost on four downs, and on the passback Slade made a beautiful rush the length of the field and made a touchdown, from which he succeeded in kicking a goal. The game then assumed a decidedly warm aspect, but neither side succeeded in scoring, and time was called with the score 6-2 in favor of the Freshmen. The make-up of the two elevens was as follows:

Ninety-one—rushers, Blanchard, Henderson, Brown, Rice, Highlands, Bryden, Cogswell; quarter-back, Holmes; half-backs, Cunningham, Germer (captain); full-back, Garrison.

Ninety-two—rushers, Atkins, Sutton, Lindsey, Weiss, Harvey, Kales (captain); Potter; quarter-back, Godchaux; half-backs, Slade, Andrews; full-back, Wardner.

Mr. Paul Tracy, of the Tech. eleven, acted as referee.

Tech. vs. Worcester.

ON the afternoon of the 17th, the 'Varsity eleven contested with the team of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The Worcester boys played a much better game than had been anticipated, and for the first fifteen minutes kept their opponents very busy. Tech. at first played loosely, but soon braced up and won easily. Germer was hurt early in the second half, and replaced by Stearns; Tracy, Willard, and Duane did not play.

Worcester started with the ball but lost it immediately; Tech., however, gained but little ground, and the ball passed from one side to the other, till Godchaux by a pretty rush secured the first touchdown. No goal. Worcester lost the ball promptly on the line up; and Germer carried it over the line two minutes after. No goal, but Kales got onto the ball and made another touchdown. Durfee

again failed in his try for goal, and time was called soon after. Score, 12—0.

In the second half, Tech. soon forced the ball down to Worcester's five-yard line, by good work on the part of Pierce, Godchaux and Hamilton. Roberts carried it over the lines; Durfee kicked a goal. Worcester lost the ball on four downs, but gained considerable ground on a mistaken signal, resulting in a poor pass; Hadley stopped a very pretty rush of Germer, who was hurt and retired; Stearns and Durfee made some very pretty rushes, as did Pierce. Worcester was forced over the line and a safety scored. Worcester fumbled the ball, and Roberts rushed it over the line; no goal. Time was called with Tech. in possession of the ball at Worcester's twenty-five-yard line.

Score, Tech. 24, Worcester 0.

Durfee, Germer, Godchaux, Pierce, Roberts, and Dame did the best work for Tech., and Hadley, Lake, Dawson, and White for Worcester.

The following is the make of the teams:—

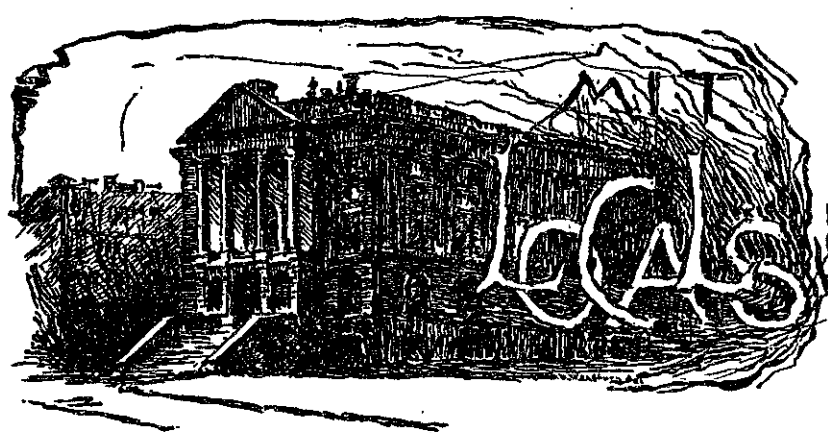
Worcester—rushers, Dawson, Bartlett, Gilbert, Allen, Churchill, Follett, Rice; quarterback, White (captain); half-backs, Hadley, Crane; full-back, Lake.

Tech.—rushers, Kales, Sutton, Roberts, Rice, Highlands, Hamilton, Dame; quarterback, Godchaux; half-backs, Germer, Pierce; full-back, Durfee.

Referee, Mr. Kelley, of the Harvard Medical School.

Football Scores.

Nov. 10, Harvard, 50; Wesleyan, 2.
Nov. 10, Andover, 10; Exeter, 0.
Nov. 10, Yale, 70; Amherst, 0.
Nov. 10, Princeton; Un. of Penn., forfeit.
Nov. 10, Worcester Tech., 6; Trinity, 0.
Nov. 14, Trinity, 6; Amherst, 0.
Nov. 14, Dartmouth, 36; Williams, 6.
Nov. 17, Princeton, 18; Harvard, 6.
Nov. 17, Williams, 42; Stevens, 4.
Nov. 19, Stevens 30; Dartmouth 0.



Poor '91!

Go to the dances!

'90's Vocophone Band was a great success.

It has rained for seventeen consecutive Saturdays.

The K₂S is having very neat shingles made for its members.

The fourth-year Architects have begun experiments in Applied Mechanics.

The Catalogue is well under way. "Technique" went to the printers on the 12th inst.

Miss M. I. O'Grady, '85, still holds the fellowship in biology at Bryn Mawr College.

The Athletic Club met Tuesday the 20th, to reconsider the date of the Indoor Closed Meeting.

Ferriday, '92, is back at the Tech., and was an interested spectator of the '91-'92 game.

The Hammer and Tongs is again showing itself, and doing at the same time some work for '92.

Mr. G. R. Tucker, '87, is conducting a prolonged bacteriological investigation of hospital air for the State Board of Health.

Overheard in the Freshman Mechanical Drawing-room: "If it takes two hours to do nothing, how long will it take to finish a plate?"

Hammer and Tongs held its regular monthly meeting at the Thorndike, Saturday, November 17th. Mr. Edward Cunningham was initiated.

At '89's class meeting on Friday, November 16th, Messrs. Hart, Hobbs, and Ayer were elected on the Photographic Committee, to look up the class photos.

It is to be hoped that the '91-'92 football game brought out some class pride among the Freshman,—more, at any rate, than was shown by the torchlight parade.

Now that there are neither countrymen nor short pants to pass upon, we must draw the line on soldier caps. Brace up, '92, and get a move on toward a Christian hat.

Many of the boys are slapping themselves on the back because the money which they had intended to bet on the Dartmouth game could not be sent up to Hanover.

Quite a lot of football playing has taken place lately, and it seems from the actions of the various courses, especially in '90, as if the enthusiasm were still on the increase.

The fourth-year class in French translation had an examination upon idioms recently. No, dear under class-men, you never get entirely beyond intermediate exams.

K₂S held its regular meeting at Young's, Friday, November 16th. There was a full attendance, and after the transaction of business the meeting adjourned to the dinner-table.

The following notice was posted in Rogers after the Sophomore-Freshman football game. "Cap found at Rush. Can be obtained from V—, '91, Civil Eng. Drawing-room, 24 New Building."

At '90's class meeting, on Saturday, November 17th, Mr. Blood was elected on the Executive Committee, and a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions on the death of Andrew H. Spring.

Mr. E. O. Jordan, '88, has been appointed assistant in Bacteriology to the State Board of Health, and Mr. Hollis, '89, is collecting for the same Board samples of sewage, filtered waters, etc.

The regular meeting of the Architectural Society took place November 8th. The sketch problem was a plan for an architect's office, given by Mr. Ford. Mentions were as follows: 1st, Thomas; 2d, Ripley.

Mr. Puffer, the assistant in electrical engineering, who was injured by the explosion of

a steam-pipe connected with the new Westing house engine two weeks ago, has again resumed his duties in that department.

It speaks well for the management of the Torchlight Committee in having everything go off so smoothly the night of the procession. The band was excellent, and enough fireworks were supplied for each man to burn the necessary holes in his uniform.

'91 made a gigantic attempt to put up a flag the other night, made, by the way, of sheet-iron, and hung up with chains; but they did not count on the smartness of '92, who had it down in less than an hour, and the poor sign ne'er saw the light of day.

The Chess Club held its first regular meeting at Room 26, Rogers Building. The following officers were elected: President, H. O. Brand, '90; Vice-President, Victor Windett, '89; Secretary and Recorder, E. D. Chapman, '90; Treasurer, E. F. Bragg, '90.

The Bicycle Club have accepted Harvard's challenge to a road race, to take place Saturday, December 1st. For entrance apply to L. E. Johnson, '89. The honor of the Institute is at stake, and all bicycle men who are able, should at once do something in the way of training.

It is said that some '92 men tried to repeat '91's successful feat of placing a transparency on the wire leading from the roof of Rogers. But, alas! "The best-laid plans of men and mice," etc.; they were caught in the act by the vigilant janitor, and forced to beat an ignominious retreat.

The second annual meeting and banquet of the North-Western Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will be held at Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, on Friday, Dec. 7, 1888, at 7.30 P. M. For further information apply to Solomon Sturges, Secretary, North-Western National Bank, Chicago.

The Technology Electric Club has recently been formed by members of the Junior Class, who are immediately interested in electrical

science. Its object is to aid the students in their study of electricity, to which end meetings held from time to time will be addressed by gentlemen in the electrical profession, and papers prepared by the members of the Club presented and discussed. Officers for the present year are: President, G. E. Hale; Vice-President, F. M. Greenlaw; Secretary and Treasurer, H. M. Goodwin; Executive Committee, J. R. Hall, and E. B. Raymond.

It has been heard from several quarters that the Tech. men far outdid Harvard in the torch-light procession. Although Harvard turned out a larger number of men, they did not make so good a showing, owing to the fact that they were bunched together, and did not keep any kind of a line. On the other hand, the Institute men, by keeping better distances, showed up to a better effect than they otherwise would have done.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Club met on Friday, at one o'clock, in the reading-room. It was decided to hold the regular Indoor Closed Meeting November 15th, in the Tech. gymnasium. Prizes will be given in all events in which there are two or more entries. The membership tickets are ready,—initiation fee, 50 cents, annual assessment, \$1,—and may be obtained of the Executive Committee: Durfee, '89, Russel, '89, Hamilton, '90, Batchelder, '90, Dame, '89, Tame, '90, Cunningham, '91, French, '92. The time has been extended to December 1st.

The idea was very prevalent in Harvard before the procession that the Tech. men intended to rush them. Now why we should want to do so, throwing out the fact that we did not, is hard to see. The *Crimson* tried to explain it by saying we were jealous in not being placed so near the head of the procession as the Cambridge men were. Now, as a matter of fact, we were in the first division, while Harvard was in the third, and consequently the *Crimson's* explanation falls through. The best of feeling prevailed, as

shown by the fact that Harvard returned heartily. our cheers for them when they passed School Street.

A lady recently propounded the following somewhat startling question to a Senior: "I suppose that now, since you are nearly through, that you will soon be able to pass your preliminaries for Harvard." The aforementioned fourth-year man was so astonished that he was for an instant at loss for a reply; but he managed to murmur that he was not quite sure, but he thought perhaps he might possibly pass the exams, and then added that perhaps his fair questioner did not know it took a Harvard graduate two years to get a degree at the Institute. She was "paralyzed." Now we did think that our M. I. T. was known a little better than that, although we often receive letters addressed "School of Technology," etc., which makes us very tired.

'91 Class Officers: President, Fred. C. Blanchard; Vice-President, Theodore Spencer; Treasurer, Harry H. Young; Secretary, Walter B. Trowbridge; Executive Committee, James Swan, Henry G. Bradlee, Arthur H. Alley.

'92 Class Officers: President, Wm. W. Locke; Vice-President, John A. Curtin; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred. H. Messerve; Executive Committee yet to be appointed.

THE LOUNGER.

WELL, it has been done! We mean the successful writing of those "six grinds." We didn't believe it could be done. We said so last time; we take it back. We were a little anxious. We needn't have been. He has done it. We won't say who. Everybody knows by this time who he is. He's collared that five dollars; and he deserves it, too! The "gags" are good ones; they are jim-dandies. He is a prince of gaggers. Next?

It is just as natural for Freshmen and Sophs. to rush each other, as it is for them to eat. They can't help it. Tuesday's game proved that. They all agreed that there should be no rushing. '91

drew up resolutions to that effect. Oh, no! But the Sophs. got licked. That's different, you know. So they rushed. They will rush again next year. After '90's rush with '89, there was to be no more rushing; everybody agreed to that. But '91 came along. The other rush was before '91 was born. So '91 didn't know about the agreement. So she rushed. They always will.

Say, perhaps you haven't noticed,
But in fact you know it's true,
That the Soph. and Freshman differ
In respect to point of view;—
And it may as well be noted,
Though I've never heard it quoted,
That the Freshmen do the same things
That the Soph'mores used to do!

The theatre-going element in Tech. seems to be unusually large this year. Of course Tech. men are always to be seen everywhere in the city. We are not behind Harvard in that respect. But for the last few weeks, Techs. have seemed especially numerous in the well-known public places of amusement. "Nadjy," "Fauntleroy," "Cora Tanner," and "Lord Chumley," have seemed to be the favorites. And in respect to this theatre-going, our men certainly have the advantage of the Harvards. They don't undertake to run the house while they are in it, and there is an absence of that parading of great coats and mackintoshes up and down the aisles, and loud conversation, so sweet to the soul of the average crimsoner. But in proportion to the increased theatre-going, the attendance at other popular resorts has noticeably fallen off. An evening at the various places will show this. At Clark's, a Tech. is seldom seen now days, and at the Adams it is very little different. There are a few men who regularly drop in there for a game of billiards or supper, but the numbers are greatly diminished from those of a year or two ago. Down at Young's one will occasionally find a little dinner group in the "small room," but most of the societies and clubs have left there for the Quincy, or Parker's and the Tremont. At the clubs the same falling off is apparent. The palmy days when Tech. men made the Cosmos are long past, and I do not know a single Tech. who goes there now. The club still flourishes, but it is patronized for the most part by men about town. The crowd seems to have transferred its affections to the Bohemian,

which, however, seems to belong to Harvard by right of numbers. Still, lots of the men like to drop in there after the theatre, and eleven o'clock of almost any week-day night finds a liberal contingent of Techs. sandwiched in with Harvard men, all busy getting away with liberal lots of macaroni, roast turkey, salads and French coffee.

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

Cornell leads this year with a Freshman class of 400; Yale next, with 337; Harvard, 309.

Mowry, Irvine, and Cowan are again practicing with the Princeton team, and will undoubtedly play in the Harvard game.

The Dartmouth Faculty have resolved to adopt the marking system in vogue at Harvard, and each student hereafter will have no definite rank in his class.

The Freshman class entering Dartmouth numbers only fifty. This is the smallest class that has entered for many years.

According to the *Yale News*, the *Harvard Crimson*, and the *Exonian*, B. Willard, Tech. 92, will referee the Harvard-Yale Freshman game.

An astronomical expedition is being fitted out at Harvard for the purpose of seeing the total eclipse of the sun in California, and of going to Peru to observe the Southern heavens.

In the coming road race with Technology, the club will probably be represented by Davis, Brown, Bailey, Greenleaf, and one other man to be chosen from those who made good time yesterday. — *Harvard Crimson*.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have the largest dormitory in the United States. It will cost \$125,000.

The *New York Sun* published a half column report of Instructor Puffer's accident, making quite a sensational affair of the matter.

Compulsory gymnasium work has begun at Exeter, and will be continued during the Winter term.

Bicycling is taking a great boom at Harvard.



ON THE TRAIN.

Beside the Mulla, on its bank of green,
 Dan Spenser lolled the day away, and wrote.
 The very spirit of his Faerie Queen
 Hovered and floated there between
 The grasses' swish, the lark's bright morning note.

But I am in this noisy, rushing train,
 And, though I try my best to make a rhyme,
 When I reach out the needed word again
 Slips from my pen; and I, alas, would fain
 Wait for another, more convenient time — *Ex.*

BEDTIME.

Alter tea, meek as can be,
 The Freshman goes to his lonely den;
 But his mind will doze, and his eyes soon close,
 And he gets to bed by ten
 Supper done, "Now for fun,"
 The Sophie cries; and by seven
 He's down on the pave, where the tough little knave
 Never thinks of his bed 'fore eleven.
 Tea time past, free at last,
 The Junior hastes to see his "cousin";
 And Cupid's dart will not let him part
 Till the clock rings out a dozen.
 His light meal o'er, psychic lore
 The Senior toils, nor's done
 Till his lamp burns low, and chanticleer's crow
 Announces the hour of one.

—Brunonian.

HOW THE GIRLS KISS.

The New York girl bows her stately head
 And she fixes her stylish lips
 In a firm, hard way, and lets them go
 In spasmodic little snips.
 The Boston girl removeth her specs,
 And freezeth her face with a smile;
 Then she sticks out her lips like an open book,
 And she cheweth a bean meanwhile.
 The St. Louis girl never says a word,
 And you'd think she was rather tame,
 With her practical views of the matter in hand,
 But she gets there all the same.

The Baltimore girl, the pride of the South,
 In her clinging and soulful way,
 Absorbs it all with a yearful yearn,
 As big as a bale of hay.

The Chicago girl gets a grip on herself,
 As she carefully takes off her hat;
 Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way,
 Like a terrier shaking a rat.

The Washington girl, so gentle and sweet,
 Lets her lips meet the coming kiss
 With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful souls
 Float away on a sea of bliss. — *Ex.*

Behind the close-drawn portière
 She was seated in languid repose.
 And looked so bewitchingly fair,
 Behind the close-drawn portière,
 That I — well, I would tell, if I dare,
 How at last up in arms she arose
 From behind the close-drawn portière,
 Where she rested in languid repose.

Alone and despondent to-night,
 I sit by the same portière;
 I have fled from the music and light.
 Alone and unhappy to-night,
 In a truly deplorable plight,
 I gaze at the now vacant chair,
 As alone and unhappy to-night
 I sit by the drawn portière.

—Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.

"All is over between us, Mr. Sampson,"
 she said coldly. "The presents you have
 given me will be returned to-morrow."

He stood there proudly, but his face was
 ashen.

"Everything shall be returned," she went
 on, with a queenly sweep of her rounded arm,
 "with the exception, of course, of the caramels
 and ice-cream."

And thus they parted. — *N. Y. Sun.*

"Punched quarters don't pass," muttered
 the football player, as he viciously slugged the
 quarter-back on the opposing eleven.

Old lady (to boy at Fourteenth Street):
 "Little boy, kin you tell me the quickest way
 to git to City Hall?"

Little boy: "Yes'm; take de Third Avenue
 Elewated."

Old lady: "I don't want the Elewated; I
 can't climb the stairs."

Little boy (thoughtfully): "Well, dey ain't
 no other quickest way." — *Epoch.*

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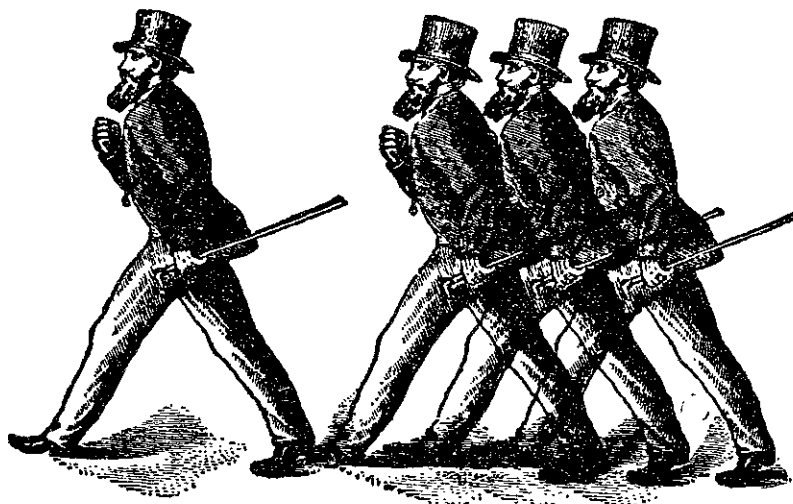
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